Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeake of that thou doſt not feele;
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe, and knockes.
Fri. Ariſe one knocks, good *Romeo* hide t hy ſelfe,
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of hartſicke grones
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Harke how they knocke (whoſe there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp,
Slud knocke.
Run to my ſtudy by and by, Gods will
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come,
Knocke.
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? whats your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then,
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where s my Ladies Lord, wheres *Romeo,*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O woſull ſimpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Sta nd vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and yo u be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
VVhy ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O:
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaind the childhood of our ioy,
VVith blood remoued, but little from her owne?
VVhere is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt:
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
VVhy rayleſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
VVhich ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble ſhape, is but a forme of waxe,